What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gourmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.
Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes; but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my gyrle,
Looke to my houſe. I am right loth to go,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.
Clowne. I beſeech you ſir go,
My yong Maſter doth expect your reproch.
Shy. So do I his.
Clown. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a clock in the morning, falling out that yeare on Aſhwenſday was four yeare in th'afternoone.
Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me *Ieſſica*:
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publike ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my Caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:

But I will go. Go you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.
Clowne. I will go before ſir.
Miſtreſſe looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Iewes* eye.
Shy. What ſayes that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.
Ieſ. His words were, Farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-ſlow in profit, and he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde Cat: Drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as *I* bid you, ſhut doores after you,
Faſt binde, faſt finde,
A Prouerbe neuer ſtale in thrifty minde. *Exit*
Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-houſe vnder which
Lorenzo deſir'd vs to make ſtand.
Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.
Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* pigeons flye
To ſeale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.
Gra. That euer holds: who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntreade againe
His tedious meaſures, with the vnbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.